### CONNECTICUT LIGHTNING. THE NUTMER STATE BOMBARDED BY THUNDERBOLIS.

Startling Result of the Bombardment in Meriden, Hartford, East Hartford, Ber-Ills, New Haven, New Britain, and Other Places - Two Persons Killed, HARTFORD, June 27 .- A cotillon of thunder storms waltzed into the Nutmer State the efternoon, and for four hours hammered and thumped the old Commonwealth, doing ne end of fantastic capers and tricks. In many places electric fire balls spun and crackled about, showering sparks, and now and then a big one bumped against the earth and bounded a hundred yards away. The great thunderhead, black as midnight, came "from over York State way," the country people say, rose significant slowness, and all the afternoon had peered above the rim of the northwestern horizon like the head of a sable and

Connecticut has been pounded from time to time during the past four years. Perhaps Meriden had the worst of the bombardment. Into that town four storms came in a bunch, and in the course of twenty minutes not less than half a dozen dwellings had been struck, a score of handsome shade trees blasted by thunderbolts, the police and fire alarm systems temporarily disabled, and a barn on Webster street, the property of F. C. Vibbert, totally consumed. Owing to the tangled and helpless condition of the firealarm telegraph, few of the firemen knew anything about the blaze, and only one hose cart

savage Cyclops. It burst over the whole State

at just about the same moment. It was laden

to the muzzle with samples of the same kind

of explosive electric dynamite with which

came into the neighborhood of the barn. In Elm street a big scarlet fire ball, that apparently was flung like a hand grenade from s frowning cloud right aloft, shot into the peak of Col. L. L. Sawyer's house, and shingles and alivers of timber flew from the roof in a shower. It bored a smooth, round hole into the gable through shingles and boards- and nobody knows anything more about the bolt or its work, since evidently it was dissipated in an inexplicable way in the building, or possibly was retrieved by the hand that hurled it, like a ball on a rubber string.

That's about all that the storm did to Meriden. It burned a barn in Southington, and kindled a blaze on a street telegraph pole. which burned for a long time, lighting up the neighborhood, a gleaming pillar of fire.

At Hartford a bolt hit a house on Maple avenue and stunned an old man, who presently regained his senses and imagined that he had been dozing and dreaming of Fourth of July skyrockets. Another bolt knocked the flag-staff on the Courant building into pi, and the mate to it touched a leaking gas main on Charter Oak avenue and built a little fire there which flamed brilliantly for a quarter of an hour. The storm was accompanied by a deluge of rain, with roaring gusts of wind, which wrought sad havoe in the beautiful avenues of the town. One big bolt of lightning at the height of the storm was shied straight into the home of Elias Sames on Maple street, ripped off square yards of its kitchen celling, hunted up a lot of wearing apparel in the apartment and burned it, and bored through a crevice in the house wall into the street.

Twice one bolt thumped a great tulip tree at Charles F. Watrous's residence in Washington street, and with the second thwack took off its biggest limb.

Policeman Eitz, who dwells in Kilbourn street, was at home in his sitting room, and the lightning hit him once, and hit him bard. He was lifted fairly out of his chair and bowled pretty nearly across the room. And, very singularly, at just about that identical instant, a bolt got in one on William L. Crowley, whose home is in the Brower House, and knocked him off his perch on a steam radiator and hurled him across the chamber. A bolt put out the light in No. 1 engine house, and another burned the switch pox that operates the fans in Lon Brothers' restaurant. Bang! bang! with reports as loud as cannons, three thunderbolts pounded the arrestors at the Hartford Light and Power Company's station, so that the employees there fancied momentarily that a Guy Fawkes was blowing up the house. A gable window of Mrs. Prelin's dwelling on Francis street was jammed bodily into the interior of the house. For fifteen minutes the trolley company dared not run its cars. Car motors were burned out. A bolt targeted on a trolley pole, and sliced off its wires as neatly as if the job had been done with a file. A woman casually touched that pole, and three of her fingers were badly blistered. Electricity palpitated in the pole, and the crude overhead lightning, so that people passing the pole three or four feet away from it were smartly shocked.

A fire ball slipped into the drug store of William A. Lowry in East Hartford, along a telephone wire, and burned out his telephone box, and scorched the woodwork of the room, but happily Mr. Lowry was at hand, and he snatched away his bottles of alcohol extracts before the fire ball got at them, otherwise his

place might have been burned.

A thunderboit that fell on the tip of Elmer G. Moison's mammoth button ball tree shinned down its bole, exactly as a hunted gray soulried descends a tree trunk, spinning dizgly about it, so that it carved a spiral track through the bark all the way from the tree top to the ground. It was an unprecedented prank in the annals of acrobatic Nutmeg State blue and yellow lightning. No one recalls an other instance in which a thunderboit came down a tree in that style. All about the root of the great tree was liberally littered with powdered bark, ground into dust. Miss Moison at the window was stuned by the boit. Fire balls hit more than twenty objects in the streets of East Hartford, doing little harm. Hy an odd freak one of them danced on a guy wire of a trolley pole in Burnside avenue and charged it with electricity enough to run a small car. The goy wire pushed it along to a wire fence in the atreet, and when a crowd asoon gatnered, and small street lovys had fun enough shocking trusting old gentleinen, until an inquisitive policeman unwittingly good his hand into the proceedings received acadead-ead count the proceedings received acadead-ead count he sport was stopped short.

That all the short was topped short.

That all the short was topped short, and ripped its handsome and tightly fitted lid off and sent it whirling across the room. Then it capered about the inner recesses of the box, and made a minced mise of the house box, and made a minced mise of the apparatus therein. Thence they carromed across the appartment, chewed paper and plastering off the house wall, and bored in it peculiar little round holes like those of a horse-radish grater. Mr. Bidwell was tranquilly dreaming in an adjoining chamber, but the cliff free balls whitzing frough his domicle suddenly set him up in bed, and he was sleeply rubbing his syes when the things fall abruptly out of the house. About eleven months ago a light-ning family burst into his house on herinatered when the stream his wears at the sa

to the ground by the wind. Showers of hallatones as big as hickery nuts fell at Seymour.
Dr. M. C. Hichcock was tranquilly lounging at his chamber window, 8 Myrile avenue,
New Haven, when of a sudden he saw a wheelbarrow load of bricks flying through the air
past him. At the same moment the house
recled and was shaken violently from roof
to foundation. A thunderbolt alleed off his
chimney top and dumped it in the street. He
found that his wife had been shocked. She
said she was numb, and felt as if some one
had hit her over the heart with a book. After
taking the chimney top down the bolt slid down
into the attic and got a harrel of plastering
off its walls, thence into the kitchen far below, where it had sport enough with the family range. It bored about tweive holes in the
stovepipe and spread a coating of soot about
the kitchen floor.

At the quantical Connections River ciliage

liy range. It bored about twelve holes in the stovenips and spread a coating of soot about the kitchen floor.

At the quaint old Connecticut River village of Higganum an electric bolt, shot backward by the departing storm, already muttering along the eastern horizon, pierced Jesse Smith's handsome great elm at his house door, peeled its bark off here and there so that the solid white wood of the trunk was revealed in a curious, particulared pattern, thence plunged into the ground about the roots of the tree and ploughed and harrowed it as effectually as a hundred "plough loggers" working all day and night could have done. The same eccentric bolt also shocked Fred Olsen, whose house is not far from Jesse Smith's elm and took a hand in his toilet performance. It plucked the comb at an open window when the lightning shied from Jesse Smith's elm and took a hand in his toilet performance. It plucked the comb from his hand and flung it across his room; then picked him up, and, with his hair about half combed, stacked him up in the opposite corner of the apartment. He was unconscious for a quarter of an hour, when the village doctor came and smoothed out the kinks of his disordered senses.

At Quaker Farms and Chestnut Tree Hill the storm was terrific. A telegraph pole at Sponheimer's Metropolitan House was hit by a phenomenal bolt, and the echoing crash of its downfall was so tremendous that a score of householders in the neighborhood, belleving that their roof trees were coming down on them, fled into the street in the rain. At the top of the pole is a box belonging to the electric light company, and that doubtless was the target of the thunderbolt, for it was torn asunder as if blown apart by blasting powder. Down the great pole from the electric box the bott plunged, and it peeled the pole of its bark as theroughly as if the work had been done with an axe.

boit plunged, and it peeled the pole of the bark as theroughly as if the work had been done with an axe.

Mr. Martindale's chimney at Meriden was evenly sliced in two parts by a bolt from its top to its foundation in his cellar, and the same boit, crashing down through the dwelling into his kitchen, picked up a joint of the flying kitchen stove pipe and dashed it into the face of Mr. Martindale's little child.

Charles Blinn's house at Rockville was fired by the lightning, but his neighbors rallied and put out the flames. P. F. Grady's dwelling at Waterbury was set on fire by a lightning bolt and a part of the roof five feet square was charred, while Thomas Derious's house on James street, in the same town, was slightly damaged by flames kindled by lightning.

At Rockville, in Telland county, electric balls jumped on the telegraph wire and played anziling acrobatic tricks, and at Venon Centre, in the same county, they also cavorted along the wires, and clipped the tops off eight poles in a row.

In the thunder tempest of last Sunday after-

in the same county, they also cavorted along the wires, and clipped the tops off eight poles in a row.

In the thunder tempest of last Sunday afternoon two men were instantly killed by lightning—John Schipke, 78 years old, of Meriden, who took the bolt from a wire fence across which he was leaning, and Arthur Barnum, 15 years old, of Fine Hollow. Barnum was at the door of the viliage church, his head on the doorknob, when the bolt hit him in the face. He was thrown a rod away from the building. The thunderbolt burned and scorched his body, fired his clothes, and tore one shee off his foot. Sidney Hough, young Barnum's chum, who was seriously shocked at the same time at the Mount Hope Church, is slowly recovering, but on his right arm is a brilliantly red line an inch wide, beginning at the neck, showing the path of the bolt, and another and similar one on the right side of his breast, extending to the waist.

### PLATT AND MILLER INOLD PENNSY

An Episode Across the Border in Which Mr. Miller Was a Little Behind. WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 26.-The people of this part of Pennsylvania, and particularly of Wilkesbarre, are getting some amusement out of the rivalry between the two most-talkedabout ex-Senators of New York, which has been extended in a peculiar phase to within the confines of this old Dutch Commonwealth. A Philadelphian came along the other day and called public attention to the joke, which began three years ago and had been lost track of here, but was only reaching a normal maturity in time for the traveller from the Quaker City.

The statesmen concerned are none other than the Hon. Thomas C. Platt of Tiogs county and the Hon. Warner Miller of Herkimer county, State of New York, whose consistent abstention from observance of the principle which gave the City of Brotherly Love its name led the Quaker man, the lover of peace, to fasten his attention on them because of the sheer perver sity of the contrast.

It may have been thought in New York that the complication of their relations at home were such as to occupy all the time of the two

CYCLING AND THE TRADES.

INDUSTRIES AND DEALERS BOOMED BY THE WHEELING CRAZE,

Where One Trade Has Bern Depressed Two Have Benefited-Steel, Iron, and Rubber Dealers Profit by the Fad-No Do Makers of Clothing and Accessories,

This talk about the immense damage that

the bicycle craze has done to various trades and professions makes me tired," said the editor of a trade journal recently. "For my part, I think it is about a stand-off between those who have been benefited and those who have been injured in their pockets. I'll go further and say that by the popularity of the wheel two trades have been helped to every trade that has been hurt." There's a great deal of truth in the trade jourpullat's assertion. Much has been said and written as to the bad effect of bleyeling upon the theatre and other places of amusement, Everybody knows the story of how one big livery stable after another has gone to the wall, and everybody talks of the fallures of carriage and plane factories, brought about by the demand for wheels. The liquor dealers long ago raised up their voices in objection because he who rides cannot drink any-thing stronger than "soft stuff." Druggists aver that the general health of the wheeling public is so much improved that the prescription department languishes, and even the doctors complain. Hundreds of business men join in the cry of those preachers who preach to empty pews on a clear Sunday, and say: "Down with the bicycles!"

These croakers seem to forget that "every dog has its day," They are oblivious to the fact that thousands of people are being benefited by the blcycle craze. The wheel crept in silently but swiftly, and in two years caused such a revclution in trade as had never been witnessed by the present generation. True, some trades were becalmed. Some big concerns submitted to the inevitable and assigned; others foresaw

possed of their durput so hat already which is fellows with a little plant start into the bicycle business. They set up the necessary machinery, which is very valuable, for making wheels, get their expert workmen together, and only then begin to think about getting their materials. They go to one steel man and then another, only to receive the reply. Very sorry, but we can't possibly supply you. From the rubber men they hear the same story, and often they give up in despair after turning out a few wheels. Some have gone out of the business, while others have resorted to using iron.

"That's the truth," said an iron man. The tubing used in cheap bleycles is nothing but iron gas piping. 'Let the blke live' Long may she roll' say the iron men, and we advocate cheap machines, of course, for every low-grade wheel sold means money in the pocket of some dealer in iron."

cheap machines, of course, for every low-grade wheel sold means money in the pocket of some dealer in fron."

Perhaps no industry has profited more by the bicycle boom than the rubber business. Low grade or high grade, every wheel has to be equipped with rubber tires, and they must be good ones, too. The men who handle rubber in the orude state feel that they have a rubber-tire "cinch." Many dealers in prepared rubber, they crude that they have a rubber-tire "cinch." Many dealers in prepared rubber, however, declare that they had to make rubber tires in self-defence, and that as the prices for crude material advanced the prices of tires decreased. As a result, they stand shout even. "However," said one rubber man, "there are concerns that nave made fortunes in rubber and they can thank the bicycle for their good luck. Within two years the price of crude rubber was 70 to 75 cents a pound; it runs today from 83 to 88 cents a pound; it runs today for seven for s

attention on them because of the sheer perverting of the completion of their relations at the completion of their relations of their relations of their relations of their relations of their production of their relations of the relations of the relations of the relations of their relations of the relations of their relations of thei

### VORACIOUS GYPSY MOTHS.

Conght at an Expense of \$500,000 in Mas machusetts, yet Still Destroying

The committee appointed by the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture to carry on a war of extermination against the gypsy moth has submitted an interesting report of its operations for the last two years, and this re port has been sent out in the form of a bound volume, Illustrated with colored plates and wood cuts. The work is in two parts, the first prepared by Edward H. Forbush, and the secend by Charles H. Fernald. Mr. Forbush is the field director in charge of the work of destroying the moths and their caterolliars and eggs, and Mr. Fernald is the professor of zoology in the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and entomologist to the State Board of Agriculture and the Hatch experimental sta-

In Europe the gypsy moth and its destructiveness are well known over a very considerable area, but fortunately for this country it never has obtained a foothold here outside a limited district in Massachusetts, and the vigorous warfare which is carried on there at an expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars bids fair soon to exterminate it on this side of the ocean. Its introduction into this country is believed to have been due to the accidental escape of insects which were brought here for experiments by a naturalist in 1868 or

At that time Leopold Trouvelot, an artist and naturalist and astronomer from Paris, was living near Glenwood, Medford, just outside Boston. He was experimenting in raising silk from America's native silk worms, and he introduced a number of European species of silk spinning worms also. Among these were some gypsy moth eggs. Mr. Trouvelot, being aware of the dangerous nature of the moth, gave notice of the escape, but it was not until twenty years after that the people of Medford realized what a pest was among them. Its ravages had been noticed before in isolated spots, but had been attributed to some kind of

to the inertitable and assigned; others foresaw what was coming and began to manufacture bleycles or some parts, or bleycle clothing or accessories. An incalculable number of small concerns and retailers were not one whit behind the times, and those concerns have profited handsomely.

"There are the steel men," said one interested in that side of the bloycle craze, "Of course there is always a demand for steel, but now we have a command for it. I represent an English firm in this country, and they have already placed their whole output for 1897. That company is just one of a hundred that have done the same thing. How could it be otherwise when millions of high-grade machines are manufactured each year? Of course steel is only used in first-class machines, but the demand for a good article has been so great and so steady that it has kept wholesale prices at the top notch, and that's where the steel men have come in," he added.

"It's fun for those steel men who have disposed of their output so far ahead to watch business. They set up the necessary machinery, which is very valuable, for making wheels, get

ford turned out to hight the plague, and in the evenings, when the men came home from work bonnies could be seen in many parts of the town where caterpillars were being burned. The people of Medford set men to work at the town's expense to destroy the moth and dhally they appealed to the State Legisla-ture for heip. The State appropriated \$55, 000 in 1890 and a commission was appointed to do the work. They sprayed infeared trees with Paris green, cut and burned trees and bushes in other places, and killed the Justered worms on other trees with kerosene torches,

bushes in other places, and killed the Justered worms on other trees with kerosene torches, but their efforts were comparatively puny, for it was soon learned that fifty square inites of land had been infested.

In 1891 the work was put into the hands of the State Board of Agriculture and \$50,000 was appropriated. In 1892 \$75,000 was appropriated and the work was carried on over a more extended area. The appropriation was increased to \$100,000 in 1893 and the total sum which had been expended in fighting this insect up to Jan. 1, 1894, was hearly \$250,000.

men, and when the cluster is complete it looks like a silce from a sponge. The war on the eggs besins it the fail.

It is a war with fire. The eggs are so tough that a running brush fire destroys merely a few of the outside eggs in a cluster, leaving the rest to hatch. The most effective destroyer has been found to be a cyclone burner with gaseline as fuel. Armed with such burners, each mounted on a song pole, men go through the infested regions burning brush-wood, scorching the ergions burning brush wood, scorching the ergions with hand mirrors, and scrape off and burn all the eggs discovered. When the eggs begin to hatch the manner of warfare is changed. Spraying the trees with Paris green and other insect polsons was tried at first, but hater it was found that trans for the worms were better. One of the most effective of these is a band of burlaps a foot wide tied at its middle line around the tree trunk. Under this the worms cather in the heat of the day, and the workmen go from tree to tree killing them.

Affected trees were praned, and the brush burned and every knothole and crevice closed in with cement, tin, or tarred burlaps. Rubbish beaps were burned, and trees once cleared of the worms were banded with rangenlatin or other sicky substances to keep other worms from ascending them.

Another method which has been tried is

# THE CONGRESS REPORTERS.

HOW THE PROCEEDINGS IN BOTH HOUSES ARE TAKEN DOWN.

Early Methods-Verbatim Work Adopted by the Senate in 1848 and by the House Two Years Later-The Typewriter and the Phonograph Help Tremendously. I you the Philadelphia Tomes.

The recent death of the chief reporter for the United States Senate, Dennis F. Murphy, removes the oldest of the corps of Congressional reporters at Washington. Mr. Murphy was not only the chief reporter, but the only reporter recognized officially by the Senate. For many years he has had the sole contract for taking reports of debates in the Senate, and he received for this work the lump sum of \$25,000 a year. out of which he puld his assistants and clerks. Mr. Murphy, so long as he kept his health, never divided with any one the responsibility for the correctness of the Senate reports. He made a point of going over the work of his assistants after it had been transcribed to be sure that there was no gross error in it. Of late years he had not been able to do so much of the active work of reporting because he was growing deaf, but he took such a pride in his work that he was very sensitive on this subject, and no one ever ventured to speak to him about it.

Mr. Murphy was the reporter of the Senate debates from 1848, the first year of the present system of verbatim reporting, to the time of his death. The Senate adopted the system in 1848; the House in 1849. Before 1848 the reports of the debates in the two Houses of Congress had been meagre and inaccurate.

The printing of the proceedings of Congress was in the hands of the daily newspapers published at the capital. The editors of these newspapers were commissioned by the party in power to publish the reports, so it is not sur-prising that there were charges of partisanship made against the official reporters. It was not at all surprising, either, that these charges were well founded in many cases, for the temptation to do everything possible to keep in power the party from which he received his commission and his means of livelihood must have been with the newspaper editor a good part of the time. The reports of debates were not made verbatim, although the first reporter of Congress, Thomas Lloyd, was a stenographer. Lloyd's work was done in 1789-91, when Congress met in New York. Of its kind, this work was very correct and satisfactory, although stenography was then in its infancy. Lloyd was one of the pioneer stenographers, and he wrote books on the subject. The meagreness of the reports of the debates in Congress is what gives chief value now to the diary of William Maclay of Pennsylvania, for it is the most complete and authentic account of the deliberations of Con-

gress in its early days.
Until 1802 no reporter was allowed to go on the floor of the Senate chamber. In that year Samuel Harrison Smith, editor of the National Intelligencer, made application to the President of the Senate for permission to sit on the Senate floor, and the privileges were granted to him. From this time the reporters of debates sat in the Senate Chamber. Still there was only one reporter for each House, and he made only a digest of the proceedings for publication. The most famous of these early reporters of debates were William W. Seaton and Joseph Gales, Jr They were appointed in 1812, and they held their positions for many years. They were the publishers of the National Intelligencer, and they were noted for the accuracy of their reports They were men of some consequence in the community, and one of them was Mayor of Washington when the city had a local Govern-

increase it to \$100,000 in 1884, was hearly \$250.

3 and the \$150,000 was appropriated in 1894, and \$150,000 in 1884, was hearly \$250.

3 Another \$150,000 was appropriated in 1894, and \$150,000 in 1885, so that up to the begins and the patch the sales and the s

one of the most effective of these is a land of burlaps a foct wide tied at its middle line around the tree crust (the day, and the work men go from tree to tree killing them.

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Affected trees were primed, and the bright of the works were burled with rampentar or of the worms were banded with rampentar or it is such as a such

ered then from printed slips just as they will appear in the Congressional Record. But the fact that his speech is in type does not relieve the official reporter from the necessity of taking notes of it, though he may not transcribe them. The speaker might stray from his prepared speech into unexpected paths of eloquence and controversies, which it would be necessary to report in full. It is not often, though, that a man wants the nublished report of his speech to vary from the manuscript which he has prepared in advance. The Congressional Record is a very faulty record. It reports not always what a man said, but what he would like to have said in debate. Members who wish to do so are permitted under the rules of House and Senate to withhold their speeches from publication for revision, and the order to hold back a speech is heard in the reporter's room of the House almost every day. In the Senate revision is not so common, for the Senators speak with more deliberation, and they are not so anxious about the effect on their constituents of what they may say.

Not infrequently the official reporters are called to attest the correctness of their work. A member of the House will rise to make a correction in the Record, and will impugn the accuratences of the official report. The reporters

called to attest the correctness of their work. A member of the House will rise to make a correction in the Record, and will impugn the accurateness of the official report. The reporters refer to their notes, and sometimes locate a misnake in the transcription or in the typesetting at the Government Printing Office, but, as a rule, the reporters are accurate, and they are wonderfully painstaking.

It is not enough that a reporter of debates should be a machine and report accurately what he hears. If the exact words ultered in House and Senais were nut into the Congressional Record they would make some public men appear ridiculous. Inaccurate quotations, misused words and planses, jumbled sentences, and grammatical errors are only too common in the speeches of public men. The reporters, as a rule, are men of fine education and well read and of quick intelligence. They write what a public man would have said rather than what he did say in many cases, and there is hardly a paragraph in the Record which does not bear the evidence of their wise discrimination.

### CURIOUS PEATURES OF LIFE.

The Old Soldier Was a Woman, From the St. Louis Republic.

Torgka, Kan., June 21.—A story comes from But er county that while a terrific storm was raging

Otto Schaffer, a hermit farmer, who had lived there many years, took shelter in his cabin and was offering up a prayer for protection when

greatest perfection. It is true now, as probably he has refused several large offers of purchase

not. The first proposition for complete reports | day and put it into his bankbook to deposit. When of proceedings was made in 1827, but it was be reached the cashier's window at the bank the

## HORSES WERE PESTS THEN.

THE WILD MUSTANGS IN THE EARLY

DAYS OF CALIFORNIA. Rounded Up and Slaughtered in Large Numbers-A Long Chase by an Ever Fresh Pursuer-A Desperate Fight Ho-tween Two Wild Stallions.

Ivom the Chicago Record. Los ANGELES, Cal., Jone 11.-The southern part of the great San Josquin Valley in California has an area of 20,000 square miles, which was overrun with a species of wild horses, known as the mustang or Mexican wild horse, in the '40s and '50s. The animals were to be seen in droves, not infrequently numbering several hundred each. They were too small, "weedy," and generally worthless, for the most part, to be of any value to the settlers, and they existed in such numbers as to constitute an annoyance and injury to the settlers engaged in agriculture. In a single night a band of wild horses would sweep down upon the cultivated fields and literally destroy the crops which it had taken months of hard labor to produce. The pioneers had ample cause to wage war upon these animals. They were undoubtedly a pest and source of danger much to be dreaded. Moreover, when a hand of wild horses came down into the settlement they would lure away with them the domestic horses, leaving the settlers helpless

for lack of stock. These depredations were so frequent that, as a matter of self-protection, the pioneer farmers and stockmen of these valleys were compelled to take active measures. They would inaugurate large hunting parties or 'drives" la order to more effectually wage war on these animals.

Last summer it was the good fortune of the writer to accompany a party led by Col. W. R. Shafter of the regular army on a trip to the secluded mountain district above the head

ler county that white a terrific storm was raging. One Schaffer, a hermit farmer, who had lived there many years, took shelter in his cabin and was offering, a hermit farmer, who had lived shafter of the regular army on a trib to the was offering up a prayer for protection when a was offering up a prayer for protection when a was offering the property of the south of the control summoned the Coroner. This official prepared the body for burstl, and in doing so made the discovery of that has been the talk of the county. He says early that has been the talk of the county. He says early that has been the talk of the county. He says early that has been the talk of the county. He says early that has been the talk of the county. He says early that has been the talk of the county that the county has been the talk of the county that the county has been the talk of the county that the county has been the talk of the county that the county has been the talk of the county that the county has been the county that the county that the county has been the county that the co

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Fannis discovered the loss and ran after produce

Levenned Henrett,

From the New Ordens Trees Demonstrat.

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